

So when the mountain wind dried her sleeves for her and announced himself...

Move on

287

Fl

Cor

Cl

Bn

Hn

he got no answer...

"Yes, I know what you're going to say" said the mountain when the wind had blown back again. "The south is full of strangers and you want to travel..." "WEST," interrupted the mountain wind, where the sun sleeps. I know they'll be hospitable there".

290

Fl

Cor

Cl

Bn

Hn

Change to oboe